Enid blyton enid blyton,
Enid Blyton stories.
OLD GOLD stories.

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Enid Blyton stories.

OLD GOLD stories.

for all.

Famous Enid Blyton story

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A bit of magic paper

THE BIT OF MAGIC PAPER

Gobby rubbed his hands in excitement. Ah, he would make crowds of black currants grow—he would have black-currant pie every day! How lovely!He wondered where to grow them. " I'd better not grow them in the garden," he thought. " If I do, Witch Heyho will see me. I'd better grow them indoors. I can easily pick some sprays of black-currant bush, and paint them with the magic indoors. Then the black currants will grow on the sprays, and I can pick them and make them into beautiful pies! "Gobby thought he would tell his friend Peterkin about the spell he had found. Peterkin would help him to make the pastry for the pies.So he took the paper to Peterkin, and told him all about how he had found it flying into his garden." But how do you know this spell will make black currants? " said Peterkin, in surprise. " It doesn't say so. It just says, " To make them grow big and black in crowds' but it doesn't say what I"" Ah, but I happen to know that Witch Heyho is very fond of blackcurrant pie," said Gobby impatiently. " And I'm sure she was writing out this spell to make the fruit grow well on her bushes. Will you come along and help me to make the pastry for our pies now? Then we'll grow the black currants, and use them whilst they are nice and fresh and juicy. A good black-currant tart is a perfectly delicious meal to have."Peterkin put on his hat and went back with Gobby to his house. Gobby picked twenty sprays of black-currant bush from his garden. He set them in twenty little jars of water in the kitchen. Then he began to make the spell." There's some soot we can have out of the kitchen chimney," he said, " and I've plenty of moonlit dew. Now for the six wallflower petals. Go and see if you can find some on that late wallflower at the bottom of the garden, Peterkin. And you might bring in a nice shiny black stone with you too."Peterkin went out and soon came back with some velvety wallflower petals and a large black stone. Very solemnly and carefully the two made the magic mixture, and stirred it with the peacock's feather that Gobby always kept handy for the making of spells. He scraped the shine off the

black stone and it fell into the black mixture and made it fizz like sherbert. It was very queer.

THE BIT OF MAGIC PAPER

Very solemnly and carefully the two made the magic mixture." Quilla, coona, dalla, ho! " chanted Gobby, as he stirred and stirred. " Quilla, coona, dalla, ho! "When the spell was finished, Gobby and Peterkin painted the blackcurrant sprays with it in great glee. " The currants will take a little time to grow," said Gobby. " We will make the pastry for the pies whilst we are waiting."But, you know, that spell wasn't meant to make black currants, but black beetles! Fancy that! So it wasn't long before nice large shiny black beetles began to grow on the black-currant sprays. They didn't stay there very long though—they ran down the stalks and harried about the kitchen floor, looking for something to eat.Suddenly Gobby saw them. Now Gobby, like a great many people, was afraid of black beetles, though they could do him no harm. So he gave a loud yell, and almost scared Peterkin out of his skin." Ooooh! Ow! Look! What are all these beetles in here for? "Peterkin wasn't afraid of beetles, and he looked at them in astonishment. " How queer! " he said. " I didn't know you had beetles in your kitchen, Gobby."

THE BIT OF MAGIC PAPER

" I haven't I " squealed Gobby. " Where are they coming from—oh, where are they coming from? "Peterkin looked—and saw that they were streaming down the stalks of the black-currant sprays in dozens. He began to look- scared." Gobby! Look! They are growing on those sprays! I don't believe that was a spell for black currants after all—I beHeve it was for black beetles. Oh, goodness, whatever shall we do? 'Gobby stared in horror, and saw that what Peterkin had said was right. He had grown black beetles instead of black currants! How dreadful!" Oh, take those sprays into the garden, quick, and burn them!" he begged Peterkin. But Peterkin wouldn't touch them. He suddenly opened the door and ran home. He didn't like being mixed up with strange spells that went wrong. You never knew what might happen next.Gobby began to cry. He rushed out and went to Witch Heyho's. He told her what had happened, and begged her to make a spell to get rid of all the black beetles.At first Witch Heyho looked stern when she heard how Gobby had picked up her bit of magic paper and had read it and used it—but then, as she caught sight of the black beetles wandering out of Gobby's kitchen door into the garden, she began to laugh." Oh dear, dear me! " she laughed; " what a shock for you to get black beetles instead of black currants! Never mind, Gobby, I won't punish you—but I really don't in the least know how to stop the spell. You'll just have to put up with the beetles."And that was all the comfort poor Gobby got from the witch. But she told him that hedgehogs love a good meal of beetles, so he is going to buy one from the pet-shop, and keep him in the kitchen. Then perhaps he won't have them eating the food out of the larder, and sleeping in his bed, and crawling into his shoes. Poor Gobby!It's always best to make sure of a spell before you use it—so do be careful of magic, won't you, just in case you make a mistake like Gobby!

A FRIEZE OF CHRISTMAS TREE

A FRIEZE O F CHRISTMAS TREE

IN the Christmas holidays we'll do all kinds of things. Shall we make a frieze of pine trees to go round our walls? It's so easy.Get a long strip of paper, green if possible. If you can't get green, colour a strip of white paper with green paint or chalks.Now fold your strip of paper over and over and over. Now look at Picture I. That shows the paper folded over, with the outline of half a pine-tree drawn on the top fold. You can draw that easily. Do it exactly as it is done in the picture.Now take your scissors and cut round the outline of the pine-tree, throughall the folds of paper, but be very careful not to cut where I have marked the drawing with little stars. If you cut it there, you will spoil everything.Now—have you cut out the half pine-tree? Good! Unfold your paper and see what you have—a lovely frieze of pine-trees (Picture 2). If you paste them on to a strip of black or brown paper, they will make a beautiful Christmassy frieze.

Pinkity,s party frock

Pinkity was a pixie who loved to go to parties. She went to the rabbits' parties, and to the mouse picnics. She loved going to the fairies' parties, and dear me, what a treat it was to go to a party at the palace.Pinkity lived in Jenny's garden—but Jenny didn't know! Pinkity had a tiny house under the old lilac bush. All the mice knew it well and so did the two rabbits who lived at the end of the garden. One of the hens knew it too, for she had gone under the bush to lay an egg. But Jenny didn't know, though she had played round the bush a dozen times a day!Jenny played with her doll Rosebud. She loved her very much, for Rosebud was a pretty, cuddlesome doll, whose eyes shut to go to sleep, and who could say " Ma-ma " in a very baby-like voice. Rosebud had two lots of dresses—a pink silk one with a white sash, and a blue cotton one for mornings.Pinkity often used to watch Jenny playing with Rosebud. One day, as Pinkity was peeping through the leaves at Jenny, the postman came with a letter for the pixie. The postman was a little mouse. Pinkity took the letter in excitement." I hope it's a party invitation! " she cried. And it was! It was from the Fairy Goldywings, and the party was to be the next day, Monday, a picnic party on Breezy Hill." Oh, what fun! " cried Pinkity. " I shall make myself a dress and hat of pink rose-petals. I shall look fine! "That night she went to collect the pink rose-petals from Jenny's

Pinkity,s party frock

garden. She came across old Shellyback, Jenny's tortoise, lying asleep in the grass. Pinkity laughed." I shall use you for a stool to sit on! " she said. So she sat down on the tortoise's back, and began to make her pink frock and hat. First she made the hat and fitted it on her head. Really, it looked very pretty, all made of silky petals. Then she began to make the frock.She worked till dawn, and then she had to go and fetch some more pink thread from her little house. So she dropped the little frock lightly on to the ground by the tortoise and ran off.When she came back, whatever do you think had happened? Why, the old tortoise had awakened, and put his head out of his shell. He had seen the rose-petal frock—and had begun to eat it up!You see, rose-petals were a great treat to him. He loved a feast of them and didn't often get them. So when he saw the rose-petal frock, he began to gobble it up in delight!Well, poor Pinkity sat down and cried and cried when she saw what was happening! " You horrid unkind thing! " she sobbed. " Here I've spent all night long making my new frock—and you eat it in about two minutes! "" Sorry! " said Shellyback. " I didn't know it was a frock. I thought it was just rose-petals and I'm very fond of them."" It's Monday morning now and there won't be time to make myself a frock again," sobbed Pinkity. " I shan't be able to go to the picnic this afternoon! "" I'm very sorry," said Shellyback again. He did wish he could do something!Pinkity slipped back to her house under the bush, still crying. Shellyback pulled at the grass and waited for Jenny to come out to play.When she came out she looked very important. It was Monday—and she was going to have a washing-day just like Mother! She had washed Rosebud's pink silk frock, and her white petticoat and vest, and had washed her pram-cover and pillow-case too. Now Mother had put her up a little clothes line in the garden to hang the things on to dry!The tortoise watched Jenny pegging up all the clothes. He wished he could tell her about Pinkity, but he had only a hiss for a voice and Jenny wouldn't understand.

Pinkity,s party frock

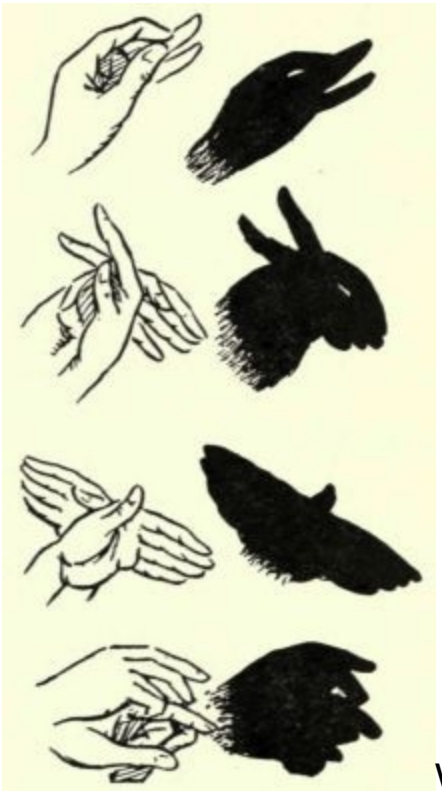
The tortoise watched Jenny pegging up all the clothes.Jenny went indoors then to get her hat and coat for a walk. Shelly-back watched the clothes flying on the line and went on eating.The wind blew hard. It blew the little clothes on the little line and it blew Mother's big clothes on the big line. It blew so hard that it blew the pink silk frock off the line altogether, and it flew off and wrapped itself round the tortoise's head!He was surprised! He put his head into his shell at once. Then he poked it out again to see what it was that had dropped on him.It was Rosebud's best pink silk frock—and the tortoise stared at it in excitement. Just the thing for Pinkity to wear at the picnic! If only it would fit her!Shellyback picked the frock up in his mouth and crawled under the lilac bush with it. Pinkity was there, still crying. How she stared when she saw the tortoise bringing the pink silk frock!"Oh! Oh! Where did you get it from? " she cried. "What a beautiful dress—and I believe it will just fit me—and will match my new rose-petal bonnet beautifully/' She slipped the frock over her head and

Pinkity,s party frock

tied the white sash round. How sweet she looked!" Oh, thank you! " she said to Shellyback, kissing his little blunt nose. " I'll wear it to the picnic! "She ironed it out, and then put it on for the picnic with her pretty pink bonnet. Off she went, as happy as could be—and how every one admired her in her pretty silk frock!Poor Jenny was upset when she came in from her walk and found the pink silk frock had been blown off the line. She hunted and hunted for it—but, of course, she couldn't find it! Then it was herturn to weep!" Oh, thank you," she said to Shellyback.The tortoise heard her cryingand soon knew why. How uncomfortable he felt! First he had eaten Pinkity's rose-petal frock and made her cry—and now he had taken away Jenny's doll's frock and made her cry. He went to the lilac bush and waited for Pinkity to come home.When she came he told her how upset Jenny was. " Oh dear! " said Pinkity, " what a shame! Well, I'll soon wash and iron this frock, Shelly-back, and then I'll give it back to Jenny for Rosebud. And I'll give her my rose-petal bonnet too. It should fit the doll nicely."So that evening Pinkity washed and ironed the pink frock, and then packed it up in a little box, with the pink bonnet too. She flew up to the nursery window, slipped in at the top, and left the box on the table.When Jenny found it and opened it the next morning, she could hardly believe her eyes! " Oh, look! " she said, " here's my doll's frock back—and a lovely rose-petal bonnet too! It will just fit Rosebud."So it did, and she wears it every time she goes out. Jenny would so love to know who made it. Shellyback has told her heaps of times, but she doesn't

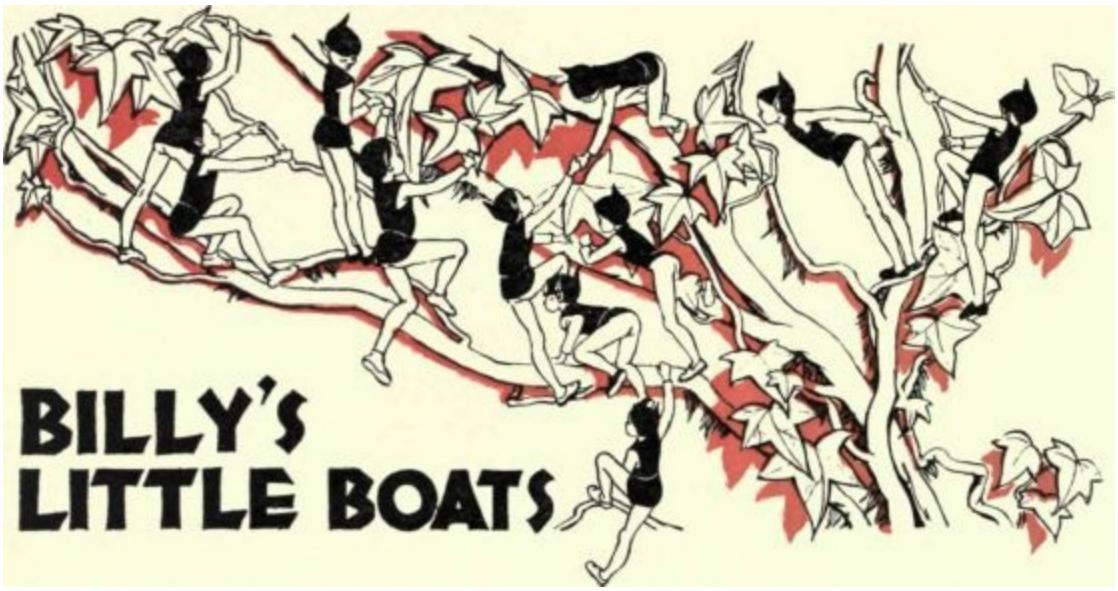
understand his hisses. I wish I could tell her, don't you?

Shadows on the wall



When people make shadows of ducks or rabbits or faces on the wall, we all think they are very clever indeed.Well, let's make some ourselves! All you want is a wall for the shadows, a bright light behind your hands—and your hands themselves. Now, are we ready? Then let's make a duck with just one hand.Isn't it easy? Just touch your thumb with the tip of your bent first finger, bend down the middle finger out of the way, and let the other two fingers stand up, as in the picture. Hey presto, there's a duck! Its beak is open, it is quacking. (But it is really you who are quacking.)Now a rabbit. Two hands for this, please, and put them exactly as I have drawn for you in the picture. That's right—and here's the shadow rabbit, ears and all. Good, isn't he?Now we'll have a butterfly with fluttering wings. Can you make it? Of course you can!And now a funny face, with a pointed nose! Do you see how to put your hands? You do—and there's the shadow-face on the wall, nose and all!You'll have to practise a bit before you can do the shadows really well. It's fun, isn't it?

BILLY,S LITTLE BOATS



Once upon a time, not so very long ago, a crowd of little brownies had to leave their home hurriedly.They lived in Bluebell Wood, and one day it was sold to a builder. Alas for the brownies and the rabbits, the birds and the little mice—they all had to leave when the trees were chopped down, and the wood made ready for houses to be built all over it!The birds flew to another wood. The rabbits fled to the hillside a mile away. The little mice held a meeting, and decided to hide somewhere till the houses were built, and then become house-mice and live on food in the larders of the houses.The brownies, too, held a meeting. They were very tiny folk, these brownies, so small that you could easily hold six in your hand together. They were small enough to use a violet leaf for an umbrella, so you can guess how tiny they were." We will go to our cousins, who live in the Wishing Wood," said the chief brownie, Chippy. " I know the way quite well. You go through the wood—down the lane—across the river—and up the hill. On the other side is the Wishing Wood. It is a big place and there will be plenty of room for us to live there with our cousins."So one night they set off. They ran through their own spoilt wood. They went down the lane, which seemed simply enormous to them. Then they came to the river.

Billy,s little boats

But here they had to stop in dismay. They hadn't thought at all how they were to cross it! Now what were they to do?" We haven't wings, so we can't fly," said Chippy." And there are no boats about," said Tiggy." Not even a leaf or two we could use as a raft," said Snippy." What shall we do? " said every one together. " We must get across to-night! "A rabbit popped his head out of a nearby hole. " What's the matter? " he said." Oh, can you help us? " asked the brownies, and they told the rabbit their trouble." No, I can't help you," said the rabbit, shaking his whiskery head. " But I know a very, very kind little boy called Billy, who lives in that house over there. He is very clever and be might help you. He once got me out of a trap. Go and knock at his window. He'll wake and do his best for you."It was moonlight and the brownies could see the window that the rabbit pointed to. It had bars across, for it was a nursery window. They thanked the rabbit and ran to the garden hedge, crept through it and ran to the house. They climbed up the thick ivy, and stood on Billy's window-sill. By the moonlight that shone into the room they could quite well see Billy, fast asleep in his small bed.Chippy tapped at the window. Billy stirred. Chippy tapped again. Billy sat up, wide awake. When he saw the brownies at the window he was too astonished to speak. Then he jumped out of bed and ran to let them in." Oh! " he said, " you dear little tiny creatures! I've always longed to see the little folk—and now I really have. I do hope I'm awake and not dreaming! "" Oh, you're awake all right," said Chippy. " Listen, Billy! A rabbit told us you were clever and kind. Do you think you could help us? "" I can try," said Billy, at once. " What do you want me to do? "" Well," said Chippy, " we have to leave our home and we want to get to Wishing Wood, which is across the river and over the hill. We haven't wings to fly over the river, and we haven't boats. Could you tell us how to get across, please, Billy? "

Billy,s little boats

Billy thought hard for a moment. " Let me see," he said. " It's no use lending you my ship—it's far too big. And I've lost the oars of my little boat. And paper boats would soak with water and sink half-way across. Oh! I know! I know! I've thought of just the right thing for you! "" What? What? " cried the brownies excitedly." I'll make you walnut-shell boats! " said Billy. " They'll be just the right size for you. One of you will go nicely into each. They float beautifully—and I can make you tiny sails so that the wind will blow you across! "Billy ran downstairs. He had counted the brownies and there were

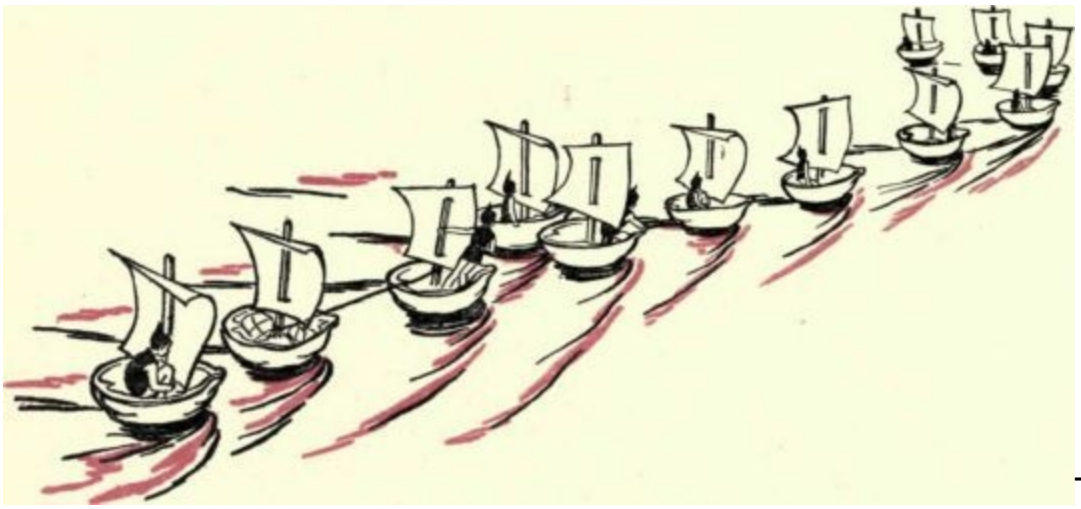
As soon as the brownies saw how the boats were made, they began to help.

billy,s little boat

eleven of them. He took six walnuts from the dish of nuts on the dining-room sideboard.He ran upstairs again. He carefully slit each walnut into its two half-shells and took out the nut. He and the brownies chewed the nuts between them as Billy worked." Now, there you are! " said Billy, when he had the six shells empty, standing neatly in their halves. " Twelve little boats! Good! Now I'll make the masts and the sails."He got out a box in which he kept all sorts of odds and ends. In it were a lot of dead matches. Billy was not allowed to touch proper matches, only ones that had already been struck, but he had quite a lot of these.He took a dead match and made holes in a small piece of white paper so that he could slip the bit of paper on the match for a sail! The match was the mast, you see. When he had got the sail nicely fixed, he looked for his tube of seccotine." What's that? " asked the brownies in surprise, as they saw Billy squee2ing a tiny, sticky sort of worm out of the tube on to the end of the match." It's seccotine—sticky stuff that sticks things together," said Billy. " This drop of seccotine will stick the end of the match to the bottom of the walnut shell, you see, brownies—and then you will have a nice straight mast, with a dear little sail to catch the wind! "The brownies were simply amazed to see Billy making them the dear little walnut-shell boats. Billy was so quick and so clever!He stuck the match into the bottom of a shell. He arranged the bit of paper for a sail. The boat was ready!" One boat done," he said. " Now for the next! "As soon as the brownies saw how the boats were made, they began to help. Tiggy got in a bit of a mess with the seccotine, which stuck to his hands, and then everything seemed to stick to him Poor Tiggy!It was not long before there were twelve boats finished. " You only need eleven," said Billy, " but it would be quite a good idea to let the twelfth boat carry your bits of luggage. I can tie it on to one of the other boats."Soon Billy and the brownies were creeping quietly down the garden

Billy,s little boats

to the river. Billy carried all the boats on a tiny tray, for fear of spoiling them. When he came to the river, he set the tray down on the ground.He launched one tiny boat, and it bobbed up and down beautifully on the ripples. The wind pulled at the tiny sail. Billy carefully put a brownie in the boat, and away it went, bobbing merrily over the river. Then another boat followed it—and another—and another—till the whole fleet was sailing away, looking perfectly lovely on the moonlit water.The last but one had the twelfth luggage boat tied to the back of it. The two little boats bobbed safely away, the brownie in the first one waving good-bye. Billy stood and watched his fleet of walnut-shell boats sailing across to the other side, the wind blowing hard on the little paper sails. Not one boat sank." I do feel proud and pleased," said Billy to himself. " I've really done something to-night. I'll go to Wishing Wood some day and see if I can find those brownies again! "He hasn't been yet, but I expect he will go soon. Would you like to make a fleet of walnut-shell boats like Billy? You can, easily. Sail them in the bath and they will look fine!



The whole fleet was sailing away.

They don,t believe in fairies.

Once upon a time there were nine little elves who lived in a small mushroom house on the edge of Cuckoo Wood. It was a fine house, and suited the elves well.But one day a most annoying thing happened—a farmer came that way, saw the large mushroom, and picked it! He put it into his coat-pocket, with fairies and all in it—though he didn't know they were there, of course.The elves had a terrible shock. They squeezed out of the door of the mushroom house, and found themselves in the dark pocket. They found their way to the opening of the pocket and peeped out. In a trice they had spread their cobwebby wings and had flown to the ground." My goodness! " said Goldie-wings, " that was a narrow escape! "" We've lost our lovely house! " said Gossamer, beginning to cry." It will be cooked," said Tippytoe." Never mind," said Twinkles. " We'll find another."" But we haven't any furniture now," said Tiptap.They flew over the fields till they came to where a family of rabbits was nibbling the grass." Good morning! " said Goldie-wings. " I suppose you couldn't tell us of any good house to be sold? Ours has just been picked by a farmer, and will be cooked. So we want another."" No," said the father-rabbit, thinking so hard that his ears went crooked. " No—I don't know of any."

They don,t believe in fairies.

" I do, though! " said one of the little rabbits. " You know our cousin, who lives in the hutch in the garden over there, don't you? Well, he told me about a beautiful little house, with windows and doors and furniture and everything, in the children's nursery there. Why don't the fairies see if that is for sale? "" That's a good idea," said Gossamer. " But wait a minute! It would never do for the children or any one to see us. Why, we might be caught and put in a cage or something! "" Oh, you needn't be afraid of that," said the father-rabbit at once. " The nursery belongs to Jonathan and Lucy, two children who don't believe in fairies. So you'll be quite safe, because, as you know perfectly well, people who don't believe in fairies can't see them even i£ they are under their noses."" Oh, that's good," said Tiptap. " Come along you others—we'll go and find this lovely house."The nine elves all trooped off, and soon came to the house. They knew which was the nursery window because it had bars across. Up theyflew, and stood on the window-sill to peep in. Nobody was in the nursery at all.The window was open at the bottom. The elves slipped in and flew down to the nursery floor. They looked round. Where was this wonderful house that the rabbits had told them about?" There it is! Over there in the corner!" squealed Goldie-wings in delight. So it was—a beautiful dolls' house with a blue front door, a tiny brass knocker, a letter-box, nice casement windows, and blue curtains! Marvellous!The nine elves ran

up to it, squeaking with joy." I wonder if any one lives

Oh, we thought the house was empty."

They dont believe in fairies.

here," said Twinkles, and she knocked at the door. The elves heard footsteps coming and the door opened. A little doll, not much bigger than themselves, looked at them in astonishment." Oh," said Tiptap, " we thought perhaps this house was empty."" No, I live here," said the small doll, who was dressed like a little girl. " But it's terribly lonely living here all by myself. I was surprised to hear some one knocking at my door."" We really came to see if the house was for sale," said Goldie-wings. " Our house was picked to-day—it was a large mushroom, you see—so we are looking for another."" This house isn't for sale," said the tiny doll. " It belongs to Jonathan and Lucy, two children. But do come in. I'd love you to live with me, if only you think there is enough room."All the elves went in at the little door. They shouted with joy to see the beautiful rooms and dainty furniture everywhere. There were three bedrooms, a drawing-room with a piano, a dining-room, and a fine kitchen with a little stove." It's perfect—it's perfect! " cried the elves. " There are quite enough beds for us, for there are two beds in each room—that's six. We can get two in a bed easily, so there are more than enough beds, counting one for you too, little doll."" My name is Belinda," said the doll. " Do come and live here. Think of the fun we can have together—the cookings on the stove—the games of snap and snakes and ladders in the evening when the children are in bed—the fun we'll have cleaning the house together—the parties we'll give to all the toys! "" We'll come! " said the elves, and they solemnly shook hands with Belinda, whose eyes were shining with joy." You needn't be afraid of being seen," said Belinda, " because, although there are two children here, they don't believe in fairies. Isn't that lucky! They can't see you if they don't believe in you, as you know."Well, it didn't take long for the nine elves to settle down in the dolls' house with Belinda. The fun they had choosing and making their little beds! They opened every drawer in the chests and chose which one each of them would have. They tried cooking toffee on the tiny kitchen stove, and it smelt so good that the golliwog, the teddy-bear, and the clockwork

They don,t believe in fairies.

They slipped out of the back door and popped into the bookcase.mouse all came knocking at the front door to see if they might have a taste.Belinda was very happy. She had been so lonely before, but now she had company all day and all night. The elves were always about, going in and out, knocking at the front door, cooking, making beds, cleaning, having a party, or playing tricks on one another.At first Belinda had been half afraid the two children would see the elves, when they had come into the nursery to play. BeHnda had sat down stiffly in her chair as soon as Jonathan had come in, and when Lucy opened the door of the dolls' house and looked in, she had seen Belinda sitting still just as usual.But she didn't see the nine elves busy about the house. She

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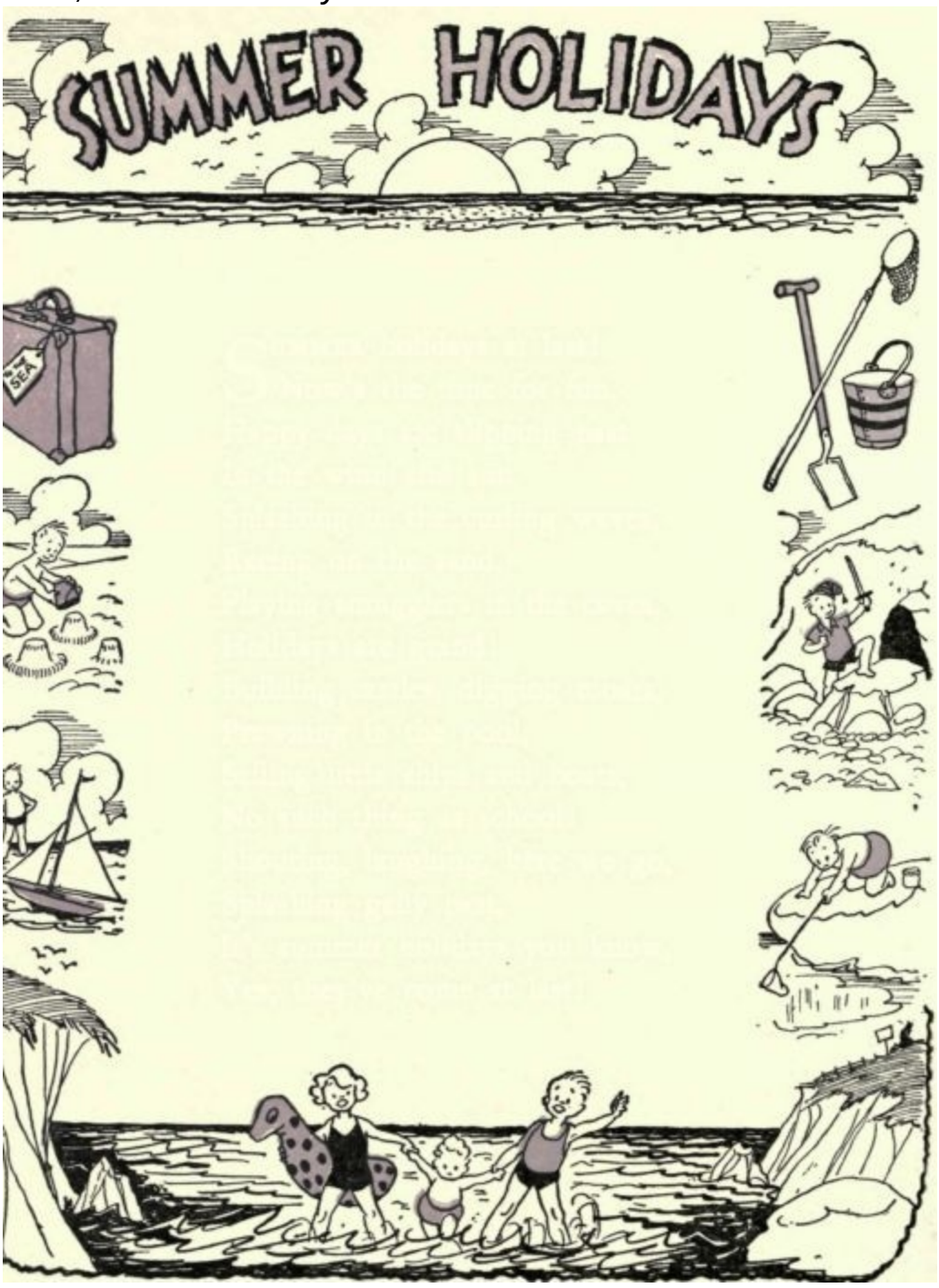
They don,t believe in fairies.

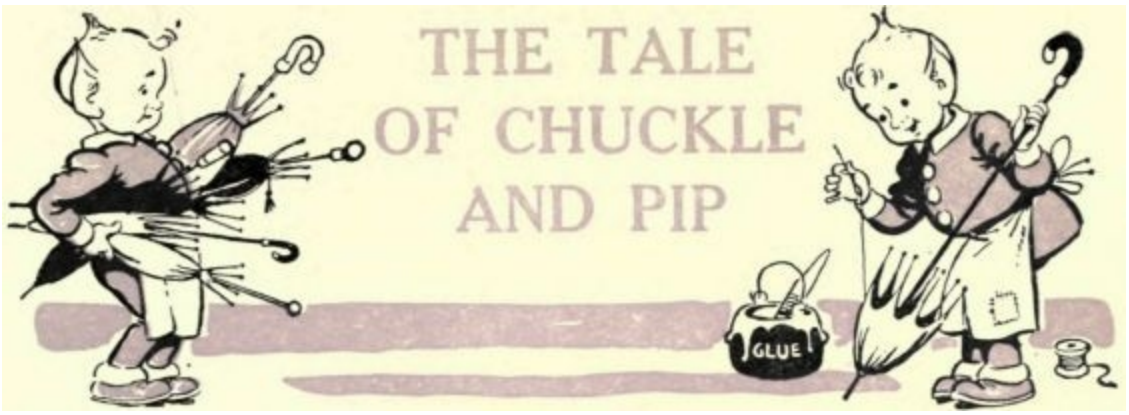
see Goldie-wings scrubbing the kitchen floor. She didn't see Gossamer playing the piano in the little drawing-room. She didn't see Twinkles and Tiptap having a game of hide-and-seek in the bedrooms.Ah, but Lucy was astonished at some things she saw! She couldn't think who had been poHshing the stove till it shone. She couldn't think who had washed the curtains at the windows. She couldn't think who had set the little clock going on the wall. It was all most mysterious.And then one day some one came to tea. It was a friend of Lucy's, called Mirabel. She believed in fairies—and as soon as Lucy opened the front of the dolls' house, Mirabel saw the elves!" Oh! " she cried, " fairies! You've got fairies living in your dolls' house with Belinda! Look! "But even as Lucy tried to see them, they hid themselves away, and soon not even Mirabel could see them either. They had slipped out of the back door and had popped into the bookshelf behind, hiding themselves among the books." You are a story-teller, Mirabel! " said Lucy. " I'll believe there are fairies there if you catch one for me and show me one. I don't believe in fairies at all."" Well, it's no good my catching you one then, for you wouldn't see it if I did," said Mirabel, and she didn't say a single word more, though she couldn't help wondering where the nine little elves had gone.They are all living in the dolls' house still, and Belinda doesn't know what she would do without them now. As for Jonathan and Lucy, they haven't seen one of them and they never will; but if you happen to go and play with Lucy, open her dolls' house and peep inside. You will be surprised to see those tiny, bright-eyed elves!

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Summer holidays at last! Now's the time for fun, Happy days are slipping past In the wind and sun. Splashing in the curling waves, Racing on the sand, Playing smugglers in the caves, Holidays are grand! Building castles, digging moats, Prawning in the pool, Sailing little ships and boats, No such thing as school! Shouting, laughing, here we go, Splashing gaily past, It's summer holidays you know, Yes, they've come at last!



THE TALE OF CHUCKLE AND PIP



huckle and Pip were two small pixies with pointed ears, twinkling eyes, and merry voices. They made sunshades, umbrellas, and parachutes, and were really very clever.They had a shop just outside the King's palace walls, and they made the prettiest frilly sunshades, the gayest umbrellas, and the strongest parachutes that ever were seen. The tiny money-spiders bought the parachutes and used them when they wanted to leave their homes and go somewhere else. They swung the parachute into the air, caught hold of it, and away they floated on the wind.The fairies bought the sunshades and the umbrellas—but trade was very bad at the moment. The sun had not really been strong enough for sunshades, the spiders were quite content to stay at home, and there had been no rain for weeks." We haven't sold a single umbrella, sunshade or parachute for ages," said Chuckle gloomily."I know! " said Pip. "I really don't know what we are going to do about it. If only the sun would shine all day long we could sell our stock of sunshades—or if only it would rain we could sell our umbrellas! "" There's a party at the palace to-morrow," said Chuckle. " That means that every one will pass our shop. Just suppose it poured

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with rain; Pip, when every one was going by in their best! What a lot of umbrellas we should sell! "Pip sat and thought. Yes—if only it would rain! If only they could make it rain! An idea came into his head—a very naughty one. He laughed." Chuckle, I've got a plan! " he said. " What about me climbing that big tree by the palace gate—with two or three watering-cans full of water! "" Are you mad, Pip? " asked Chuckle, puzzled." No," said Pip. " Don't you see the idea, Chuckle? As people go by in their best party-frocks I'll water them with my watering-can—and they'll think it's raining and go off in a great hurry to buy an umbrella from you! "" Oooooh! That is a fine idea! " said naughty Chuckle, and he laughed till he cried. " Can't I be the one to sit in the tree and water people, Pip? "" No," said Pip firmly. " It's my idea and I shall do the watering. We'll put the cans of water up the tree to-night when no one is looking."" But how can we climb a tree with a can of water in our hand? " said Chuckle." We shan't," said Pip. " I shall climb up the tree, and let down a rope. You will tie the watering-can carefully to the rope and I will haul it up and put it safely on that big broad branch on the west side of the tree."" You are clever at ideas, Pip," said Chuckle. " I'm longing for to-night! "Well, that night the two naughty pixies carried out their plan. Pip climbed the tree and let down the rope. Chuckle tied a full watering-can on to it. Pip hauled it up and hid it safely. Then he let down the rope again. He hauled up two big watering-cans, one small one, and three hot-water cans as well, which he said he could use to fill the watering-cans with when they were empty. Naughty Pip!They went to bed. The next day was cloudy with no sun. But the clouds were too high for rain. Pip chuckled when he thought of how he was going to make rainy weather for all the palace guests that afternoon!Chuckle put out all his prettiest umbrellas. Pip climbed the tree at three o'clock and waited patiently for the first person to come along.It was Dame Thump, in her very best blue silk dress with the red bows. Just as she walked beneath the tree Pip tipped up one of his watering-cans.

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" Pitter-patter, pitter-patter! " The water splashed down on Dame Thump. What a state she was in!" Oh, my best frock! Oh, will it be spoilt before I get to the palace! Now who would have thought it would rain like this! If only I had an umbrella! " she said. Then she remembered that Chuckle's shop was just nearby, and she hurried to buy a blue umbrella to match her frock. Chuckle was delighted.Pip laughed so much that he nearly fell out of the tree. He just managed to save himself in time to give Dame Thump a gentle splashing as she passed by with her new umbrella held over her head.Then came Mr. and Mrs. Spink with all their four children. They were very smart indeed. Mr. Spink had on a yellow silk suit with hat arid feather to match. Mrs. Spink had on a frock as bright as the sun. All the children were dressed alike in red frocks and tunics.Pip grinned. He tipped up his watering-can. First he watered Mr. Spink and his yellow hat. Then he watered Mrs. Spink and her glittering frock. Then he watered all the little Spinks, who cried out in dismay."Mother! Father! It's raining on our new dresses! Didn't you bring an umbrella? "" No," said Mr. Spink, looking up at the sky. " Dear, dear! Well, I think it's stopping now. Let's stand under this tree, dears, and we shall keep dry." But it was no place to stand if they wanted to keep dry! Pip nearly burst himself with trying not to laugh, and he at once emptied a whole canful over the Spink family!M Oh, the rain is simply pouring

down! ** said poor Mrs. Spink. " It's even soaking through the tree.

The water splashed on Dame Thump.

Look! There is an umbrella sh

the tale of chuckle and pip

He tipped up his watering-can. First he watered Mr. Spink and his yellow hat.Mr. Spink. We must certainly buy umbrellas, or we shall be soaked through before we arrive, and we don't want the dear King to think we are a family of drowned rats! "They hurried to Chuckle's shop. They bought one big umbrella to share between Mr. and Mrs. Spink, and four tiny umbrellas, one for each child. Then they set off happily to the palace, holding them over their heads.Pip laughed loudly, and Chuckle poked his head out of the shop-door and laughed too. Then he caught sight of two or three more people coming along. " Sh! " he said. " Here are Fairy Trip, Pixie Tiptoe, and Brownie Longbeard."Well, as soon as they passed under Pip's tree, Trip, Tiptoe, and Longbeard got a good watering. How disgusted they were!" Raining! " said Longbeard, shaking the drops out of his beautiful silvery beard. "What bad luck! "" And I left my umbrella at home! " said Fairy Trip.

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" I shall be soaked! " said Tiptoe, who had on a very thin dress of spider's thread." What shall we do? " said Longbeard. Pip helped them to think by watering them again. They caught sight of Chuckle's shop. " Look! He sells umbrellas! " they cried. " Let's get some! We'll be all right then! "Off they went and bought three expensive umbrellas. Then they set off to the palace once more, rather puzzled because the rain seemed to have completely stopped!Pip was having a glorious time. He could hardly sit still in his hiding-place, he was so excited. To think that his idea was acting so well!Other guests came along and Pip watered them all. As every one was in best clothes they all rushed to get umbrellas. Soon Chuckle hadn't a single umbrella left and he began to sell his sunshades as umbrellas. He was doing very well indeed—though his customers were rather puzzled by his giggles! But as his name was Chuckle, they thought he couldn't help giggling a bit.Now when every one arrived at the palace, complete with umbrellas, complaining of the rain, the King was most astonished." Raining! " he said. " Impossible! "" Not at all impossible, Your Majesty! " said Longbeard. " Look at my beard. It's soaked! "" But I made a special bit of magic to-day to keep the rain off," said the King. " It can't possibly rain to-day."

" Well, Your Majesty, it did" said Fairy Trip. " Just as we came to the gate it poured down! "" Yes—by that big tree," said Mr. Spink. " We had to go and buy umbrellas."" It was raining as we passed under that tree too," said some one else." And it started just as I got there too," said Dame Thump. " But it didn't seem to be raining anywhere else."The King looked more and more surprised. " Well," he said, " this is astonishing. First of all, I say that it could not rain to-day, because I made a spell against rain. And then you say that it only rained under that

Not at all impossible, Your Majesty," said Longbeard.

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tree—when, as every one knows, it rains all around if it rains at all, not just in one small place! This is puzzling! I must inquire into it! "The King sent the Lord High Chamberlain down to see into the matter. The Chamberlain, who was a very rich and grand man, most beautifully dressed in cloth of gold, stepped down the palace drive to the gate. Then he walked haughtily to the big tree that stood by the gate.Pip was still there. He saw the Lord High Chamberlain and grinned. My goodness, if only he could make him buy an umbrella or a sunshade— he would buy the finest one in the whole shop!He tipped up a watering-can—pitter-patter, down went the water! The Chamberlain was most astonished and annoyed. Could it be rainingafter all? He looked up at the tree.And he saw Pip's naughty, cheeky face peeping there! He knew at once what had been happening. He commanded the frightened pixie to come down and he fetched Chuckle too. Holding them by their big pointed ears he took them back to the palace with him." These pixies watered every one who passed by, so that they would go and buy umbrellas," said the Lord High Chamberlain in an awful voice." Is that so? " said the King, also in a verystern voice. " Then I make a law in futureThe Chamberlain was a veryrich and grand man.that nobody in the whole of Fairyland shall buy anything from these two bad pixies. You may go, pixies."They went, crying bitterly. They knew that they would have hard work to make a living now, for nobody would buy from them. Poor Pip and Chuckle!But they soon found a job with the dandelions, who were very good to them. Do you know what they do? Guess! Yes—they make those beautiful little parachutes that are fitted to every dandelion-seed! Find a dandelion-clock and take the seeds into your hand. You will see that you have dozens of little parachutes there, made of the finest hair. Blow them into the air and see how well they fly!

Big hands and nobbly

Once upon a time Nobbly the Goblin quarrelled with Big-Hands the Gnome. They lived next door to one another and had always been good friends till this quarrel.It was a very silly quarrel, really. It happened that Tip-tap the butcher had called at Nobbly's with his meat, and Nobbly was out. So the butcher had left it on the window-sill—and when Nobbly came home he saw Big-Hands' cat licking the meat!He rushed in to Big-Hands' Cottage in a furious rage." That cat of yours has licked my meat! " he cried. " Smack it, Big-Hands, smack it! "" Certainly not," said Big-Hands, who was very fond of his cat. " How can you expect a cat not to lick meat if it is left on a window-sill. You should go and scold the butcher for doing such a foolish thing. Why, any other cat but mine would have stolen the meat and taken it away to eat it! I think my cat should be praised, not punished for only just Hcking the meat. It must very badly have wanted to steal it altogether! "Just at that moment the cat came in, Hcking its lips. Nobbly flew at it, and gave it a hard smack, so that it mewed in dismay and fled to a corner.Big-Hands was very angry. He rushed at Nobbly and shook him— but Nobbly was a bony person to shake. He had great bony feet and long skinny arms and a nobbly head. Big-Hands soon let him go—and then Nobbly fled to his cottage crying " I'll pay you out for this, so I will! "And he did too. He reaUy was very naughty indeed. He threw aU his rubbish over the waU into Big-Hands' garden. He Hghted his bonfire whenthe wind was blowing towards Big-Hands' cottage, so the poor gnome had his kitchen filled with smoke all day long. And he put his gramophone on very loudly indeed when he knew that Big-Hands was having his

afternoon nap!This made the gnome very angry. He ran up the path to Nobbly's front-door and banged on the knocker. Nobbly wouldn't open the door, so Big-Hands stood on the doorstep and yelled at him." I'm going to punish you for all these unkind things! Yes, you look out, Nobbly! You'll be sorry for yourself, you will! I'll just show you what I can do! Grrrrrrr! "Big-Hands sounded so very fierce that Nobbly really felt rather frightened. Big-Hands did not usually lose his temper, for he was a good-natured fellow, but when he did people knew about it!Nobbly looked at Big-Hands going down the path, from behind the curtain. He saw him doubling up his big hands into fists, and shaking them, muttering angrily all the time." Oooh ! " thought Nobbly. " I'd better be careful. There's really no knowing what he might do! "So that day Nobbly didn't throw any more rubbish over the wall, and didn't set his gramophone going. He went to bed early that night, read a book for a little while and then fell fast asleep.When he woke up, the moon was shining outside his window. And, to Nobbly's great fright and horror, he suddenly saw what looked like two enormous hands sticking up at the end of his bed, looking for all the world as if they belonged to someone crouching behind the foot of the bed, ready to pounce out!Nobbly turned pale and shivered so that the bed shook very much indeed. His hair stood up on end." It's Big-Hands the Gnome come to scare me! " he groaned to himself. " Oh my, oh my, look at those awful great hands sticking up there, ready to come at me if I so much as speak a word."Now, Nobbly had made a very great mistake. What he thought were hands were not hands at all—but simply his own great bony feet sticking up out of the bed-clothes! Nobbly was so bony that the clothes found it difficult to keep on him, and were for ever slipping

Nobbly lay and looked at his feet, thinking all the time that they were hands, and wondering what in the world he could do to frighten away Big-Hands, whom he thought was hiding at the end of the bed. Then suddenly the moon went behind a cloud and the room became dark. Nobbly decided to creep out of bed and light his candle.He crept out, and went to the table by the wall where his candle stood. He lighted it and then held it up to see Big-Hands—but, of course, there was no one at the end of the bed at all! No—not a sign of Big-Hands the gnome! It was most puzzling!" He's gone! " said Nobbly, pleased. " Oh, what a fright he gave me, the horrid creature! What shall I do if he comes again to-morrow night? I shan't dare to go to bed! I shall go and complain to Mister Stick, the policeman."So, the next morning Nobbly went to the cottage where Mister Stick the policeman lived. He was just finishing his morning cup of cocoa, and he listened in surprise when Nobbly told him what he had seen the night before." Yes, I tell you," said Nobbly, all excited. " That nasty, unkind gnome came into my room in the middle of the night, hid himself at the end of my bed, and then, when I woke up, I saw his big hands sticking up ready to come at me! Think of that, now! Don't you think you ought to go and take Big-Hands to prison? "

Nobbly went to the cottage where the policeman lived." Well, no, I don't," said Mister Stick. " You see, you might have made a mistake, Nobbly. After all, you didn't see Big-Hands' face, did you? It might have been anyone else."" Pooh! " said Nobbly, scornfully. " It couldn't have been anyone else! No one else has such enormous hands as Big-Hands. I know they must have been his hands."" Well, wait and see if he comes again," said Mister Stick. " I'll wait outside to-night, and if you give a call I'll come in and take Mister Big-Hands off to prison, if it really is him."" But suppose he escapes before you come? " said Nobbly. " How shall I get hold of him? He is such a big fellow."" Well," said Mister Stick, thinking hard, " you might take a piece of rope and make a loop in it, Nobbly. Then, if Big-Hands does come again and scares you by sticking up his great hands at the end of the bed, you just throw the loop of rope round them, draw it tight—and you'll have got him prisoner all ready for me to march off!

"" Ooh, that's igood idea! " said Nobbly, very pleased. He went home and got a piece of rope. He carefully made a loop in it and put it beside his bed, ready for the night. When his bed time came he undressed, got into bed, and put the loop of rope under his pillow. Aha, Mister Big-Hands, just wait!He fell asleep—and woke again with a jump just after midnight. And dear me, bless us all, there were his great bony feet sticking up again in the moonlight, looking like enormous hands!" Oh, it's you, Big-Hands, again, is it! " cried Nobbly, and he fished under the pillow for his loop of rope. In a trice he had it out and threw it neatly over what he thought were the hands at the foot of the bed—but of course they were his own feet! He pulled the loop tight, and then gave a scream." Oh, oh, let go my feet, Big-Hands! Oh you wicked gnome, you've got my feet! "As the rope pulled tightly and bound his feet together poor Nobbly rolled about in the bed. He thought he had got hold of Big-Hands with the rope, so he pulled and pulled—and the more he pulled the more tightly the rope cut into his nobbly feet!"Ow! Ow! Help! Help!" yelled the goblin, and rolled or!the bed with a bump. He tried to get up, but of course his feet were tied together, and he fell over each time he tried. He was really dreadfully frightened." Mister Stick, Mister Stick, come and help me! " he called. " Big-Hands has got me by the feet and won't let go! "Now Mister Stick had been hiding in the garden, as he promised— but he had fallen asleep. He woke up in a hurry when he heard such a yelling and shouting going on. He jumped up —and at the same moment Big-Hands who had been awakened by the dreadful yells and shouts from Nobbly, rushed out of his cottage." What's the matter, what's the matter ? " called Big-Hands, running up the path and bumping into Mister Stick the policeman, who was mostsurprised to see him for he quite thought he must be inside Nobbly's cottage, frightening him!The two of them opened the door and ran to the stairs. Nobbly was still shouting and yelling, rolling about on the floor with his feet tied tightly together by the loop of rope." Come on, quick, someone's hurting poor Nobbly! " cried Big-Hands, all his quarrel with the goblin quite forgotten. Up the stairs they rushed, both of them, and flung open the bedroom door. It was quite dark in the bedroom, and Mister Stick shone his lantern round.Nobbly was panting on the floor, pulling with all his might at his

rope! Mister Stick set his lantern down on a table and lifted Nobbly to his feet." Someone's tied your feet together," said Big-Hands in astonishment, as he saw the loop of rope tightly round the goblin's bony feet. " Whoever did that? "" Why, wasn't ityou?" said Nobbly in amazement, staring at Big-Hands." No, indeed it wasn't," answered Big-Hands at once. " I wouldn't do such a horrid thing! You ought to know that. Besides, Mister Stick the policeman will tell you I came rushing up the stairs with him—I wasn't in your bedroom at all. I do wonder who it was. Let's hunt round a bit and see if we can see any robber, shall we, Mister Stick? "They untied poor Nobbly's feet and then, taking the lantern, they all hunted round the cottage—but, of course there was no one there at all! They couldn't understand it." I'm so frightened! " wept Nobbly. " I can't make it out. Who is this person with great, enormous hands who keeps coming to frighten me? Oh, dear Big-Hands, do please stay with me for the rest of the night and sleep here so that I shan't be alone. Then, if the person comes again, you will be able to scare him away for me. You are so brave."" Very well," promised Big-Hands. So they said goodnight to Mister Stick, and off he went home. Big-Hands and Nobbly settled down to sleep in the bed—it was rather a tight fit for two people—and soon nothing was to be heard but gentle snores from Nobbly and enormously loud ones from Big-Hands.Well, Big-Hands suddenly gave such a tremendous snore that Nobbly woke up with a jump—and goodness me, there were his feet again, sticking up in the moonlight just like big hands coming to get him.

Up the stairs they rushed, both of them." Big-Hands, don't tell anyone," said

Nobbly, in a small voice. " Please be friends with me again—and don't tell anybody about this. I do hate to be laughed at."" Well, you deserve to be," said Big-Hands. " You have been very unkind lately, Nobbly—smacking my cat, and throwing rubbish into my garden, and letting your bonfire smoke come into my kitchen, and playing your gramophone when I am trying to have a nap. You don't deserve any kindness from me. No—I think everyone must hear this funny story about you. It's such z joke! "" Oh please, Big-Hands, I know I've been unkind and horrid," wept the goblin. " But I won't be again. I do want to be friends with you. You were so kind to stay with me to-night. I will buy your cat a nice fresh fish from the fishman each day for a fortnight if you will forgive me, and promise not to tell anyone at all."" Well, that's a kind thought of yours," said Big-Hands, who was always pleased when anyone was good to his cat. " I'll forgive you and be friends again, then, Nobbly. But you won't mind if I have a good laugh now and again, will you, when I think about to-night? For really it was very, very funny! "So now the two are great friends once more, and Big-Hands' cat can't understand her good luck when she is given a fish each day by Nobbly the goblin!And, sometimes, when Nobbly is a bit silly and does foolish things, Big-Hands looks at him with a twinkle in his eye, and begins to laugh. " Do you remember when you caught your own feet instead of a robber?" he chuckles. Then Nobbly goes red, and stops being silly. He does so hate to be reminded of the night when he thought his feet were hands!

Let's Make Some Lanterns for Xmas!

How can we make one? I'll tell you! Get a piece of coloured paper, and make it 9 inches wide and 12 inches long by measuring it and then cutting it the right size.Now fold it as I have shown you in Picture A. Done that? Now cut up from the folded edge in strips about J inch wide. Look at Picture B to see what I mean.Now you have cut the paper. Straighten it out: Bend it round and paste the edges together, and lo and behold you have a pretty little coloured lantern, like the one shown in Picture C. You can make the handle by pasting a strip of paper to the top.Now make one of another shape. Look at Picture D and fold the paper like that. Cut the strips as before. Do you see the little extra fold, which gives the second lantern (Picture E) its pretty middle bit?You can easily make these

little lanterns for Christmas decorations. Hang them on a string, and

see how pretty they all look togeth

Joey,s lost keys

The children were playing out in the fields. They had a ball, a doll's pram, and Joey, a little clockwork clown who danced round and round and clashed a little pair of cymbals when he was wound up.The clockwork clown belonged to Robin. He was very proud of his dancing clown, and wound him up a hundred times a day to show the others how he danced.Every one was excited that morning. It was Saturday, and a circus had come to the field beyond Farmer Lane's farm. The children were going to it that afternoon, and how they longed for the time to come!" There is a wonderful chimpanzee! " said Katie." And a great big elephant," said Lucy." And a man that can walk the tight-rope! " said Bobby." And four dancing bears! " said Harry." But I'm sure they won't dance as well as my clockwork clown! " said Robin, winding him up again, and making him dance in the grass."You and your clockwork clown! " said Katie. "I wonder you don't wear that key out, winding him up so much! "Robin put the key into his pocket. He was sure it wouldn't wear out. Keys never'did. He watched his Httle clown dancing, and then he went to see an ant-hill that Harry had found. They watched the busy little ants for a long time, and then Bobby looked at his watch. He was very proud of it, for it always told the right time." Half-past two," he said. " It's time we all went home, and gotready for the circus. Come along!" " I must wind up my clockwork clown to dance for the last time," said Robin, and he felt in his pocket for the key.It

wasn't there! He felt a hole in his pocket—and he knew that the key must have dropped out of it. Now the little clown wouldn't be able to dance any more!Robin was only six, and he was dreadfully upset. He opened his mouth and howled. Lucy ran up to him, thinking that he had hurt himself." I've lost my clown's key! I've lost his key! " wept Robin. " I won't go home till I've foundHe felt in his pocket for the key.it."" But you must! " said Lucy. " Why, it's almost time to set off for the circus, Robin—and you must wash your face and hands first, and let your mother brush your hair."" I won't go to the circus! " wept Robin. " I'll stay here all afternoon by myself and look for my clown's key."" You're silly, Robin," said Harry. " Come on, every one. Leave Robin. He'll come along soon enough when he finds we're gone."So Harry, Bobby, and Katie ran off, but Lucy didn't really like to leave poor Robin when he was so unhappy. She was a kind little girl." Don't cry any more, Robin," she said. " I'll help you to look for your key. Hurry up and help me."So the two of them began to hunt in the grass, but, dear me, it seemed as if that key was nowhere to be found! Lucy began to be worried, for the time was slipping on, and she knew that she couldn't go to the circus if she was much later." Robin, let's go now," she said. " Come along. We shall be too

late for the circus in a minu But Robin wouldn't go. He stood there, clutching his clockwork clown in one

hand and wiping his eyes with the other. He didn't care about anything except finding his lost key."Oh, well! " said Lucy. "If you won't come I'll stay with you —but I do hope we find the key soon! "In a little while the other children ran out of their houses down the lane, waved to Lucy, and went off to the circus. Tears came into the little girl's eyes. Now she was too late to go! She went down onher hands and knees again andlooked carefully for that tiresome "I've found a four-leaved clover." key.And what do you think she found? She found a four-leaved clover! Now, as you know, a four-leaved clover is supposed to be very lucky indeed, for it has magic in it! Lucy and the other children had often hunted for one, and had never found one—and now here was a fine one, with four green leaves, a really-and-truly four-leaved clover!"Look, Robin! " said Lucy joyfully. "I've found a four-leaved clover! Now 1 shall have some luck! "" It's too late to be lucky," said Robin. " We've missed the circus now—and haven't found my key."" Why, here's the key, under this dandelion! " cried Lucy. And so it was! " My four-leaved clover has brought us luck already! "" But it's too late for the circus," said Robin again." Hurry, and we'll see! " said Lucy. So they hurried. Robin went to his home and Lucy went to hers. And it was too late for Lucy; but do you know, when Robin told his father how kind Lucy had been to him, he jumped up and said:" Well, that kind little

girl shan't miss the circus! I'll get the

van and run both of you along to the circus straightaway. Then you'll be in time."So he got out the van in which he took his fruit to the market, called for Lucy, popped her in with Robin and tore down the lane to the circus. He paid for Lucy's ticket as well as Robin's, and they were given two good seats. They sat down just as the circus began! Wasn't that lucky?It was a lovely circus, and when the clown came in to give away balloons, who do you suppose got the biggest? Yes, Lucy! And when the big chimpanzee went round shaking hands with the children, who do you suppose he gave a hug to? Yes, Lucy! Didn't she feel proud!" My four-leaved clover really is bringing me luck," said the little

The clown came in to give away balloons.girl happily. " I'm glad I stayed behind to help Robin."On the way home Lucy found a silver sixpence! Wasn't that good luck! And when she got home, there was her Uncle Jim, her very favourite uncle, come to take her out to tea

with him in his motor-car. "Oh, Uncle Jim! This is all because of my four-leaved clover! " said Lucy happily. " Where are we going? "" We're going to the town to have tea and ice-creams," said Uncle Jim. " And then we're going to an old man I know who has a dear little puppy for sale, and It was a little black spaniel. I want to buy it for a nice littlegirl called Lucy." " Uncle! " squealed Lucy, who wanted a puppy more than anything else in the world. " Uncle! You dear kind uncle! "Well, she had a lovely tea and two ice-creams, and then they went to fetch the puppy. It was a little black spaniel, with long, drooping ears, the dearest Httle thing Lucy had ever seen." What will you call her? " asked Uncle Jim as they drove back in his car, with Lucy cuddHng the puppy, feeHng very sleepy and very happy.Lucy had a name for her, of course. Can you guess what it was? It was Clover! Lucy thought it would be such a lucky name.Didn't she have a lot of luck? Do you want some as well? Well, just hunt about for a four-leaved clover and maybe you'll have some

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